King: How high a pitch his resolution is
Thomas of Norfolke, it's suyt them to th
Mow: Oh let my soveraigne turne away
and bid his eares a little while be deaf
Till I have told this slander of his blo
How God and good men hate so foule a
King: Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdoms he
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne,
Now by my Sceptres awe, I make a vow
Such neighbour-nearenesse to our sacred
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partial
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright
He is our subject (Mowbray) so art th
Free speech and feare lyke, I to the a
Mow: Then Bullingbroke as low as
Through the false passage of thy throat, th
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callis

Disbursed I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my Soveraigne liege was in my
debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his
Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For Glosters death
(End of 4th side)
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case.
For you my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I last received the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begged
Your Graces pardon, and hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appealed
It

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